Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyl,
Breathleſſe and faint, leaning upon my ſword
Came there a certain Lord; neat and trimly
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harveſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and tookt away again,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cal'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome coarſe,
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,
With many holy day, and Lady tearms.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Majeſties behalf.
I then all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a popinjay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo brisk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentle-woman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſave the mark;
And telling me the ſoveraign'ſt thing on earth,
Was parmacity for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeter ſhould be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſſe earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile gunnes,
He would have been himſelf a Souldier.
This bald unjoynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation
Betwixt my love, and your high Majeſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my
What e're *Harry Piercy* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place:
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and never riſe,
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.
King. Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with proviſo and exception,
That we at our own charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who in my ſoul hath wilfully betraid
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magician, damned *Glendower*
Whoſe daughter as we hear, the Earl of *March*,
Hath lately married: ſhall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves,
No, on the barren mountain let him ſtarve,
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall ask me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home revolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Revolted *Mortimer?*
He never did fall off, my Soveraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severns* ſiedgy bank
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour,
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
Upon agreement of ſweet *Severns* flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,